

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent

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THE BUGLE.

Pulpit Arrogance.

RANDOLPH, July 25, 1849.

MR. EDITOR: There are a class of men among us who appear to consider themselves, ex officio, exempt from all criticism. These are the priests and clergy of the different religious sects. The politician, the Anti-Slavery or Temperance advocate, the lecturer on any branch of moral or social reform, or any of the sciences, may be catechised as to the truth of his positions: but to question a priest in the pulpit, whose mission is to "save souls," is considered the climax of impiety. Entrenched in his sacerdotal robes, under the pretended sanctity of his calling, he may insult or bore the community on any subject, and the pulpit is his shield from all criticism. Entrenched in this ecclesiastical fort, and strongly barricaded by the present customs of society, he may thunder forth his anathemas and discharge his guns without ever expecting to receive in return a single shot. Brave and chivalrous men! thus to make war upon those to whom he denies even the privilege of self-defence. From the necessity of the case, therefore, it seems to me that the Abolitionist must come in direct contact with the clergy and their monstrous assumptions. How can freedom be obtained for the slave when free speech is cloven down by a class who monopolize one-seventh part of the time to the exclusion of all others; who tyrannize over the conscience and scourge men into the "church militant" on pain of eternal torments? Indeed that "old serpent the Devil" seems to occupy a more conspicuous place in "the Gospel according to" the clergy, than any other personage. He seems, at least, to be the "connecting link" in the chain of modern conversion. If one has the presumption to differ from the clergy, all they have to do is to ascend the "sacred desk," look solemn, take a text and preach him post haste to perdition.

Never have I witnessed a rarer exhibition of pulpit arrogance and imbecility than was displayed by a Disciple preacher named Leicester during a protracted meeting held in this vicinity some time since. As I had not for some time enjoyed the luxury of a sermon, not being a regular attendant on "stated preaching," I was led by a laudable curiosity to attend one evening and quietly listen to what was said. The manner and articulation of the occupant of the pulpit might be justly said to beggar all description. Though he was by no means a giant in intellect, yet in arrogance, verbosity and windy declamation, he might be justly considered a Hercules. With a voice alternately resembling the tones of the Egyptian crocodile and American screech-owl, with distorted visage and momentarily sawing the air with his arms, it was very evident that what he lacked in sense he was determined to make up in sound.

"The sound of old Niagara Falls, which all conception shocks, And carpenters with sledge and nails, and miners blowing rocks. Silence ye sands, upon the spot! nor vainly play the dance." This swaggering preacher, when he's hot, will drown you all at once.

He divided the Bible into seven parts, viz: the Law, the Psalms, the Prophets, the four Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles and Revelations; and affirmed that the Golden candlestick (which had seven prongs) was typical of these seven divisions of the Bible. That one prong was a type of the Law, another of the Psalms, and so on. He declared that these seven divisions of the Bible were the only lights of the World and the Church, thereby excluding Solomon's Songs and other portions of sacred writ as containing no light.

But the gist of his discourse was directed against some Anti-Slavery ladies, who, on a previous evening, had taken their knitting-work to meeting and knit while he was frothing in the pulpit. His usual method of set-

ting a point was by quoting a text and giving a "thus saith the Lord." But, now, unfortunately, he had no text to quote—no "thus saith the Lord" to apply, and he was, under the necessity of manufacturing one to suit the occasion. He accordingly announced with great solemnity that to knit in a "religious meeting" was a sin to be punished with eternal damnation.

The preacher wound up his evening performance by exhorting the unconverted part of the audience, in a most pathetic, lugubrious and sing-song tone, to come forward and be baptised in water in order to "get shet" of their sins, as they might not live till morning; and then closed by telling them that if any would come forward he would wait upon them in the morning!

If such preaching only is to reform "the world," I think the poor world is to be pitted. Under its influence the keenest intellect will rust or spread itself in mere theological brawls and rencounters. J. F. S.

Selections.

From the Liberator.

Interview with Father Mathew.

On Friday morning, July 27th, Dr. H. I. Bowditch and myself went to the Adams House, in order to obtain an introduction to Father Mathew, and to be sure that the letter of the Committee, inviting him to participate in the celebration of that great and glorious event, the entire abolition of British West India slavery, failed not to be put into his hands. Fortunately, we found him disengaged, and were introduced to each other by our esteemed friend, Wm. A. White, of Watertown. What transpired during the interview, (which was a very brief one, as we felt unwilling to trespass upon his time, and as we perceived that the object of our visit was not particularly agreeable to him,) was substantially as follows:

Turning to me, Father Mathew said—"Mr. Garrison, your name is very familiar to me." "Yes," I said, smiling, "I am somewhat notorious, though not as yet very popular." He then added—"You have some very warm friends in Cork." I told him I was aware of the fact, and also that in Dublin and many other parts of Ireland, there were many who were as enthusiastic with the anti-slavery movement in this country. After expressing the strong desire I had felt to see him during my last visit to Ireland, and my great disappointment in not being able to visit Cork, I said—"In addition to the pleasure of taking you by the hand, and welcoming you to America, we have come to extend to you, in behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, an invitation to be present at the celebration of the anniversary of British West India Emancipation at Worcester, on Friday next. Here is a letter, containing an invitation in an official shape, which you are requested to read at your leisure, and answer as you may think duty requires." Taking the letter, with some agitation and embarrassment of manner he said, gestulating in a somewhat deprecative manner, as though an indecent or unworthy proposition had been made to him—"I have as much as I can do to save men from the slavery of intemperance, without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of slavery! Besides, it would not be proper for me to commit myself on a question like this, under present circumstances. I am a Catholic priest; but, being here to promote the cause of temperance, I should not be justified in turning aside from my mission, for the purpose of subversing the cause of Catholicism." "True, you would not," I replied—"for, in that capacity, you would occupy very narrow ground, and be acting for a sectarian object. But I do not perceive any analogy in the case supposed, to the one presented to you. The cause of liberty and emancipation, like that of temperance, covers the whole ground of humanity, and is as broad as the whole earth; and, therefore, you may as freely advocate the one as the other." "O," said he, "I am not in favor of slavery—I should never think of advocating it—though I don't know as we can say that there is any specific injunction against it in the Scriptures." "O," said I, interrupting him, and placing my hand on my heart, "the injunction is here—inside of every human being." "Catholic priests are not in favor of slavery," he replied. "Do you intend visiting the Slave States?" I inquired, and on receiving an affirmative answer, I said—"Well, I am confident you will find at the South, Catholic priests and Catholic laymen who are slaveholders and slave-buyers." In order that there should be no room for misconception, I distinctly said to him, "The abolitionists have no wish or design to divert you from the great mission which you have come to America to prosecute; on the contrary, they feel a deep and lively interest in that mission, and desire that your efforts may be crowned with abundant success. But they trust that, while you are in the country, you will occasionally find an opportunity, both in public and in private, to admonish your countrymen to be true to liberty, and to give no countenance to slavery or its abettors; for there is great need of such counsel, as they are giving the weight of their religious and political influence to the side of the Slave Power. They hold the key of the slave's dungeon, as the balance of political power is in their hands. Moreover, the anniversary of British West India Emancipation was deemed by us an event in which you would feel a special interest, and might participate with great propriety. We have not forgotten," I continued, "that, seven years ago, an Address was sent from Ireland, signed by DANIEL O'CONNELL, THEOBALD MATHEW, and seventy thousand others, invoking the Irishmen and Irishwomen in America to join with the abolitionists, as the only true and consist-

ent friends of liberty; and we feel, therefore, that we are not intrusive, but rather warranted, in asking you to renew an appeal so important, and to which they have given little or no heed." "O," said he, as if the act had long since passed from his memory into oblivion, "I do now recollect that, at that time, I subjected me to a good deal of odium." This was said as if he had wined under it—under the odium cast by American traffickers in human flesh! Of what, then, should he be proud on earth? Such odium he should have gloried in, as the evidence of his fidelity to the cause of down-trodden humanity.

Finding nothing was to be gained by protracting the interview, and feeling deeply saddened by the result, we took our leave, again expressing the hope that he would attentively read the letter we had just put into his hands, and answer it at his earliest convenience. To that letter, he has not had the courtesy to make any reply.

I have endeavored to state what was said at this interview by Father Mathew and myself, as much verbal accuracy as possible, and believe that I have not only given the substance, but nearly the exact words of the conversation between us. What gave me special surprise, and inflicted the deepest wound upon my spirit, was the apparent lack of all sympathy for the slave, of all interest in the anti-slavery movement. Not a syllable fell from his lips, expressive of pleasure that the American slave has his faithful and devoted advocates—or of joy at the emancipation of eight hundred thousand bondmen in the British Isles! It is with great sorrow of heart that I lay these facts before America, Ireland, and the world.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The following is the letter of invitation, which was put into the hands of Father Mathew:—

BOSTON, July 26, 1849.

ESTEEMED FRIEND OF HUMANITY: The anniversary of the most thrilling event of the nineteenth century, the abolition of slavery in the British West India islands, will be celebrated at Worcester, in this Commonwealth, on Friday, Aug. 3, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In behalf of that Society, the undersigned are instructed to extend to you a cordial and an earnest invitation to be present, and to participate in the proceedings of the meeting, in such manner as may be most agreeable to your feelings. This they gladly now do; and, in this great event, and of your desire to see slavery every where abolished, on American soil, as well as on British soil, they trust that you will be able to make your arrangements as vastly to enhance the pleasure of the occasion, by your quickening presence. The celebration is one in which all the friends of freedom may joyfully unite, without distinction of sect, party, or country. A grand mass meeting of the people is confidently anticipated at Worcester, and able and distinguished advocates of liberty have pledged themselves to be present.

In the year 1842, an "Address from the people of Ireland to their countrymen and countrywomen in America," signed by Ireland's lamented champion, DANIEL O'CONNELL, yourself, and seventy thousand other inhabitants of Ireland, was sent to this country, in which it was truly declared that "Slavery is a sin against God and man—all who are not for it must be against it. America can be neutral; and that it is, in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this withering curse." Its final appeal was in the following emphatic language:—"Irishmen and Irishwomen! treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate slavery—CLING BY THE ABOLITIONISTS—and in America, you will do honor to the name of Ireland."

We deeply regret, that truth compels us to state, that the Address fell powerless on the ear and heart of the Irish population in this country; and while it urged them not to exercise their moral and political power for the extension of slavery, that power has been, and still is, wielded on the side of the oppressor, and against the oppressed. Religiously and politically, like the American people generally, they are in such relations to those who trade in slaves and the souls of men as to sanction that horrible traffic, and to prolong the unmitigated servitude of three millions of the native-born inhabitants of the American Union. This melancholy and undeniable fact will cause you much grief; and we doubt not, it will be a powerful incentive to you, to improve every suitable opportunity, while you remain in this country, to bear a clear and unequivocal testimony, both in public and in private, against the enslavement of any portion of the human family; and to tell your countrymen here again, in the words of the Address alluded to, "America is cursed by Slavery! Never cease your efforts until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. Join with the Abolitionists every where; they are the only consistent advocates of liberty."

It will be doubly gratifying to you to know that the Abolitionists in America are thoroughgoing teetotalists; and it would not be less so to learn, (what, alas! is not the fact,) that teetotalists are as uniformly Abolitionists. Congratulating you on your safe arrival in this country, trusting that your mission of mercy will be crowned with unparalleled success, and assuring you of our sincere regard and heartfelt admiration, we remain, dear sir,

In behalf of three millions of Slaves,
Yours, for universal liberty and sobriety,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Com.
H. I. BOWDITCH,
REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

The following is the Address, signed by DANIEL O'CONNELL, THEOBALD MATHEW, and seventy thousand others, which was forwarded to this country in 1842. It was written on parchment, and may be seen, with its signatures, at any time at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill. How emphatic is its language, how uncompromising its spirit, how earnest its tone, how hearty its recognition of the abolitionists as worthy of all encouragement, and how strong its condemnation of the complacent state! Alas! when he signed that Address, Father Mathew did not dream of one day standing on the American soil, confronting the Slave Power face to face! Alas! for his good name and fame that he has, none, and, even in Boston, faltered, and bowed the knee to the Demon!

Address from the People of Ireland to their Countrymen and Countrywomen in America.

DEAR FRIENDS:—You are at a great distance from your native land! A wide expanse of water separates you from the beloved country of your birth—from us and from the kindred whom you love, and who love you, and pray for your happiness and prosperity in the land of your adoption.

We regard America with feelings of admiration; we do not look upon her as a strange land, nor upon her people as aliens from our affections. The power of steam has brought us nearer together; it will increase the intercourse between us, so that the character of the Irish people and of the American people most in future be noted upon by the feelings and disposition of each.

The object of this address is to call your attention to the subject of SLAVERY IN AMERICA—that first blot upon the noble institutions and the fair fame of your adopted country. But for this one stain, America would indeed be a land worthy your adoption; but she will never be the glorious country that her free constitution designed her to be, so long as her soil is polluted by the footprint of a single slave.

Slavery is the most tremendous invasion of the natural, inalienable rights of man, and of some of the noblest gifts of God, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. What a spectacle does America present to the people of the earth! A land of professing Christian republicans, uniting their energies for the oppression and degradation of three millions of innocent human beings, the children of one common Father, who suffer the most grievous wrongs and the utter degradation, for no crime of their ancestors or their own! SLAVERY IS A SIN AGAINST GOD AND MAN. All who are not for it must be against it. None can be neutral. We entreat you to take the part of justice, religion, and liberty.

It is in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this withering curse. America is cursed by slavery! WE CALL UPON YOU TO UNITE WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS, and never to cease your efforts, until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. We are all children of the same gracious God; all equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We are told that you possess great power, both moral and political, in America. We entreat you to exercise that power and that influence for the sake of humanity. You will not witness the horrors of slavery in all the States of America. Thirteen of them are free, and thirteen of them are Slave States. But in all, the pro-slavery feeling, though rapidly decreasing, is still strong. Do not unite with them; on the contrary, oppose it by all the peaceful means in your power. JOIN WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS EVERY WHERE. They are the only consistent advocates of liberty. Tell every man, that you do not understand liberty for the white man, and slavery for the black man: that you are for LIBERTY FOR ALL, of every color, creed, and country.

The American citizen proudly points to the National Declaration of Independence, which declares that "All mankind are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Aid him to carry out this noble declaration, by obtaining freedom for the slave.

Irishmen and Irishwomen! treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate slavery—CLING BY THE ABOLITIONISTS—and in America, you will do honor to the name of Ireland.

[Signed by]
DANIEL O'CONNELL,
THEOBALD MATHEW,
And SEVENTY THOUSAND
other inhabitants of Ireland.

FASHIONS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Commencement is still an interesting day to a great many people, but it is not the transcendent holiday that it was a century ago. Then it was the great gathering-day for the colonial rank and fashion, as well as of its gravity and learning. The old Meeting-house at Cambridge must have had a gorgeous effect in the days of peach-bloom velvet coats and silver-billed rapiers, of "the wide circumference" of hoops and the towering altitudes of crape-cushions. I remember a venerable relative describing to me her sitting up all night the night before old Dr. Danforth's Commencement in 1758, for fear of disturbing the arrangement of her hair, which had to be dressed then or not at all, such was the demand for the services of the only coiffeur the town then afforded. Those were the good old days, too, when a roomy family coach could only contain two ladies, one sitting forwards and the other backwards, with the extremities of their hoops protruding from the windows on either side! It was at a rather later day when the head-dresses aspired so proudly that ladies going abroad in full dress had to carry their heads out of the coach windows. A profitable lesson in humility, showing that they who would carry their head highest, must sometimes stoop their head lowest.—[E. F.—A. S. Standard.

From the Pittsburgh Daily Despatch.
William Lloyd Garrison.

We copy the following from the New-York Globe of July 23:—

A number of colored citizens of Boston have presented to Wm. Lloyd Garrison a silver pitcher, in testimony of his undeviating devotion to the cause of universal emancipation. It would probably puzzle them to tell what benefit he has ever been to the cause.

Certainly the Globe has unlearned both its independence and perspicacity since the "Democratic Union" was effected or fore-shadowed in its title. What man in this Union has done half so much for the cause of emancipation as Mr. Garrison?

When the whole nation was consenting to the existence, perpetuity and unrestricted usurpations of slavery—when no Globe, or Atlas, or any of the thousands of Northern presses, dreamed of interfering with slavery—extension, or prescribing limits to slave domination, Mr. Garrison alone, poor and despised, issued from a garret in Boston, the first number of "The Liberator"—an Abolition paper—the only one in America. Struggling with every difficulty, hated, reviled, persecuted—now suffering imprisonment in a filthy Baltimore jail—again in the hands of a Boston mob, with a rope around his neck, and only saved from hanging by being placed in a prison—yet again and again hooted, hissed, assailed from press and pulpit, all over the land, with vindictive hatred—large rewards offered publicly in the slave States to the taker of his life—pelted with stones, bricks, rotten eggs, and filth of all kinds, yet going fearlessly on, bearing down opposition with a courage and energy unsurpassed by that of any hero of any age—and triumphing at last in the achievement of a total revolution in popular sentiment—compelling the two great parties of the North to do him service at least for Abolition—to fawn and flatter the very men whom it had been their pleasure and their policy to denounce at every meeting and convention, as incendiaries, fanatics, monsters of depravity. Rather let us ask, what Mr. Garrison has not done for the cause of Truth? The very leader and prophet in the outset, he has never faltered for an instant, during nearly eighteen years; and his eloquent pen and tongue are still as freely devoted to the cause as when he first put on the harness for the mighty moral conflict, although too many who battled beside him for a time grew weary, and laid down to rest long ago. But for him, the Globe's "Free Soil party" would have had no existence. New-York Hunkers would still have clung in alliance with the pro-slavery and women-whippers of the South. The slave might have looked to hopeless bondage—and the country to the unopposed extension of slavery over every foot of American territory South of the Missouri compromise line. In many things we disagree with Mr. Garrison—but no man, we think, who regards truth and justice, will deny that he has proved himself, as was said by Joel Barlow of Alexander Hamilton—

An Ithacan in camp, an Ajax in the field, throughout the long anti-slavery war.

Answering our own Prayers.

In the vicinity of B—, lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed and the family. His means of support thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask him for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became so much better that he could leave her and return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers. As he sat on the door stone, he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labor. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to loan a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbor—would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house, the farmer's little son stepped up and said, "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort the mourners?" Yes; why? "Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer." It is needless to add, that the Christian father called back his suffering neighbor, and gave him as much as he needed.

Now, Christian reader, do you thus answer your own prayers?—N. F. Eaton.

A DEEP GROAN FROM A PRO-SLAVERY PULPIT. The last number of the Louisville Baptist Banner contains the following:

We are painfully apprehensive that some of our brethren have suffered themselves to become so deeply involved in the slavery question as it is now politically agitated in this State, that the peace and harmony of some of our churches are threatened thereby. This is what we have dreaded and deprecated, as a probable consequence of agitating this question among us, from the beginning; and to ward off which we have used all imaginable caution, and have deemed it our duty to exclude it, as a question of political controversy, from the columns of the Banner.

We fear that there are some, even among our ministering brethren, who have become so enlisted in the controversy, that they are not only reckless of the consequences of their course upon the peace of the churches, but who are even disposed to get up a religious excitement in order to aid in accomplishing their political preferences.

Letter from T. M. Barrett to his Father.

SEANTANBURGH, S. C., July 23, 1849.

My Dear Father:— You have been but too correctly informed by the newspapers. I am indeed in prison, but would have informed you sooner, but how could I pain your kind heart by the sad news? Oh, with a father's tenderness you feared me and have loved me, and in your old days I have brought sorrow and affliction upon you. It pains me, my father, it pains me to my heart's core. You say in your letter to the Clerk here, that I left you with a character untarnished. My father, you will believe me, you will love me, let the world say what they will of me—I have committed no crime, been guilty of no deed that ought to bring reproach or censure upon any one. No, I, for whom you feel so much solicitude, although I am in prison and may never see you again in this world, have not stained your name with infamy by the commission of any crime. I am charged with having circulated abolition documents. Now, my father, you will believe me, I have circulated no documents of any kind in the State of South Carolina, nor violated any law of the State so far as I know. Hear it in mind that I tell you so, and although death may close my eyes in eternal sleep before I ever see you again, when you shall hear that appearances are against me, and see my name aspersed in the public prints, remember what I told you, and treasure it in your heart, that I am innocent—that I am the victim of the schemes, misconduct, and infatuation of others, and that I now suffer for what others have done, and for which they ought to be responsible.

My story is simply this: I came here as the agent of E. Harwood & Co., of Cincinnati, to procure materials for publishing a Gazette. I came here in the early part of the season, intending to go north as the weather grew warmer, and finally agreed to our old home in Virginia—thence to Cincinnati and to Dublin. I found documents about in the State which were obnoxious to the people, and which gave me some trouble as people suspected me for having some connection with them. But knowing myself clear of their circulation, I felt no fears and proceeded with my labors, I came to this place with an anxious heart, for I had written to Sarah and expected an answer at this place from one whom I tenderly love—my dear sister. As soon as I had taken lodgings at a hotel, the people came upon me with two letters, one from Dublin, which I was much pleased to see, but on opening it, Oh Sarah, it pained me, it was not from you. Why did you not, my dear sister, write me a single letter as I requested. These papers might I have escaped this prison. But I don't blame you in the least—nor do I blame Mr. Johnson, for I know he intended no harm, but his letter injured me. The other letter was anonymous and contained a few Nos. of this same obnoxious document, which the writer requested me to circulate. It was enough—the people were excited, and threw me into prison instantly—where I have since remained.—(This was on the 8th of June.) Since then other documents have been sent me making the same request. The documents were all closely enveloped addressed to persons in the State, and I was requested to drop them into post offices along my way. Thus I was made to circulate them without knowing what they were. But I did not circulate any of them. The first that came to me was at this place, and there is perhaps nothing in the law against me, at least the attorneys I have employed and my own judgment is, that there is little or no chance of convicting me. I can prove by my employers what I came here for, and if I could find the man who sent me the documents which I may yet do, that they were sent to me without my knowledge or consent. And this ought certainly to set me clear—especially since they can have nothing against me but vague circumstances. The people are excited, however, and it will be hard for me to have a fair hearing. The penalty is one thousand dollars fine and one year's imprisonment in the county prison.—I can be bailed out at one thousand dollars, and this must be in cash deposited here.

Democracy in Ohio.

The Old Hunkers of Fayette Co., Ohio, recently held a public meeting at Palm township, at which one John Carlo presided, and a John S. James acted as Secretary. After due deliberation, a speech from John Hays, and a report from a Committee, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted. The fellows ought to change the name of their county, and no doubt would, if they knew that Lafayette said, not long before his death, that he would never have drawn his sword in the American Revolution had he known that it would not have abolished Negro Slavery.—Nat. A. S. Standard.

PREAMBLE.—An view of the great increase of the colored population in this portion of the country, and the improper means made use of by the Abolitionists to encourage and harbor them, without any respect to their character or conduct among us, we do adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we will not vote for an Abolitionist for any office whatever.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the repeal of the Black Laws, and that we will use all just means to have them in force again.

Resolved, That we are opposed to any action or interference on the part of Northern men with Slavery as it now exists in the Southern States.

A FACT FOR ABOLITIONISTS.—In 1838 the exportation of sugar from our colonies, the Mauritius, and the East Indies, amounted to 5,798,000 cwts., which was far more than the exportation of any year during the period of slavery.—London Standard of Freedom.

Slenderers are Satan's bellows to blow up contention.